

He continued his slow pace, without their perceiving him, till he got up close to them, when our little moralists instantly got up. Amintor made the best bow he was able, and Florella her best curtsy. "So, my pretty little dears, (said Mr. Stubbs) I see you are reading your book like good children. How many little books have you got?" "This is the only one we have, Sir, (replied Amintor) and I and my sister have read it so often, that we can almost say it by heart."

Mr. Stubbs then took the book, and asked them several questions out of it, to which they gave such answers as greatly surprised him. Here, my sweet children, (said Mr. Stubbs, taking a little book out of his pocket) is a little story book, which I will lend you till to-morrow, and if you then read me one of them prettily, I will lend it to you till you shall have read the whole out."

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As soon as Mr. Stubbs was gone, Amintor and his sister set down to read the book, in order that they might be perfect in their lesson against he came again the next day, which he punctually did, and enquired of our little moralists what progress they had made in their lesson. Amintor replied, that he believed he could read it tolerably well, at least, if he pleased, he would try. Mr. Stubbs then desiring him to proceed, he began as follows.

"A pretty little boy had the misfortune to have a very bad father, whose temper was very furlly and peevish, and who took no manner of heed of his children, cared not how they were brought up, nor minded what company they went into. It is therefore no wonder that the boy learned bad habits, and followed the example of his father. He was in some measure to be pitied; for had he been taught better, he possibly might

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